



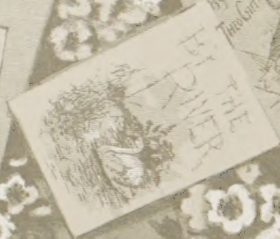
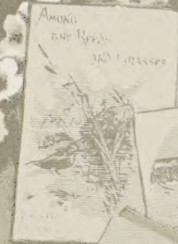
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Hail to thee, O thou Ocean eterne!
Like voices of home thy waters are rushing,
Like visions of childhood saw I a glimmering
Over thy heaving billowy-realm,
And olden remembrance again tells me stories
Of all the darling, beautiful playthings,
Of all the glittering Christmas presents,
Of all the ruddy coral branches,
The gold fish, pearls and colour'd shells
Which thou mysteriously dost keep
Down yonder in bright crystal house.

Heine



TIME.

Unfathomable Sea! whose
waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore,
Treach'rous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

Shelley.



"Her tackling rich, and of apparel high,"
This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a lover's look,
This ship to all the rest did I prefer:
When will she turn, and whither? She will brook
No tarrying, where she comes the winds must stir:
On went she, - and due north her journey took.

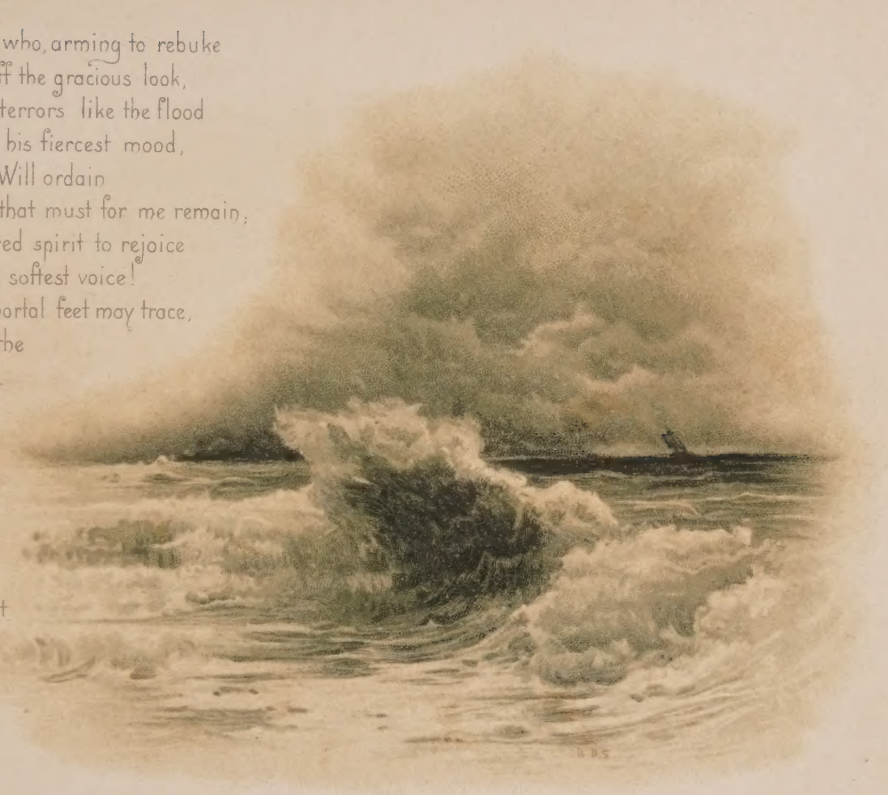
Wordsworth

THE VOYAGE.

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed,
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
A goodly vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad,
And lustily along the bay she strode.

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
Of ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for me remain,
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
Whatever the path these mortal feet may trace,
Breathe through my soul the
blessing of thy grace.
Glad, through a perfect
love, a faith sincere
Drawn from the wisdom
that begins with fear,
Glad to expand, and, for a
season, free
From finite cares, to rest
absorbed in Thee!

Wordsworth



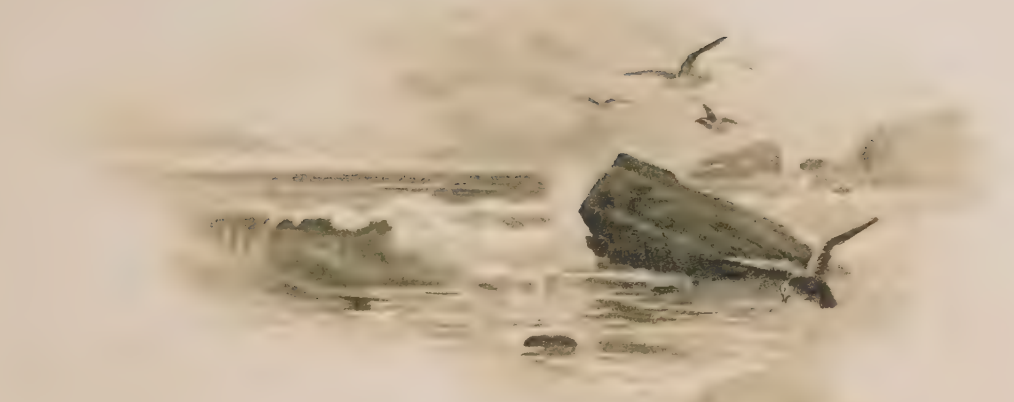
The roaring waves are dashing
High on the strand;
They're swelling and they're crashing
Over the sand.

They come in noisy fashion
Unceasingly,-

At length burst into passion,-

But what care we
None.





The Runic stone 'mongst the waves stands high,
There sit I, with thoughts far roaming,
The wind pipes loudly, the seamews cry,
The billows are curling and foaming.
I've loved full many a charming girl,
Loved many a comrade proudly—
Where are they now? The billows curl
And foam, and the wind pipes loudly.



The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams.
Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.
Look round, of all the clouds not one is moving
Till we still hear of the long feeling, leaving
Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie:
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
The grass, or over reedland that conceals the shore!
No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be!

Wordsworth

STORM.

The tempest is raging,
It floggeth the billows.
And the billows, fierce-foaming and rearing,
Rise up on high; and with life are all heaving
The snowy watery mountains.
And the small bark climbs o'er them,
Labouring hastily,
And suddenly plungeth it down
In the black wide gaping abyss
Of the flood.

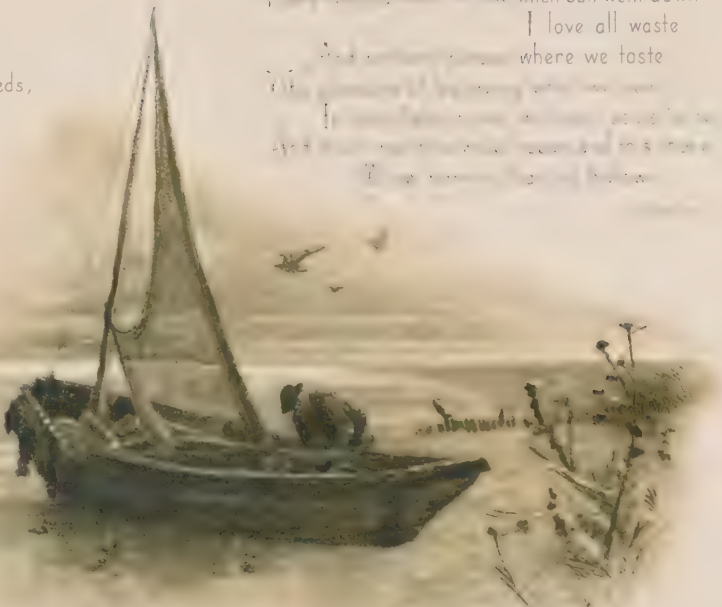
1866



THE SHORE.

A bare strand
Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
 Stuffed with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt sea breeds,
 Is this, an uninhabited sea-side,
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
 Abandons, and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
 Broken and unrepaired,
 and the tide marks

A lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
When the sun went down
 I love all waste
And all that grows where we taste
The pleasure of the sea
 I love all waste
And all that grows where we taste
The pleasure of the sea



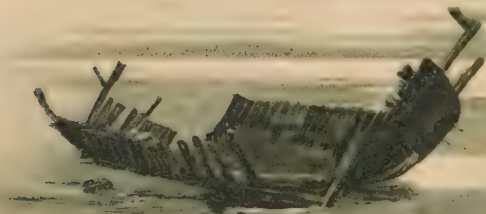


Hark! 'tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean. See! the lightnings yawn
Deluging Heaven with fire and the lashed deeps
Glitter and boil beneath: it rages on,
One mighty stream, when wind and waves upthrown,
Lightning, and hail, and darkness eat up by
There is a pause: the sea birds, that were gone
Into their caves to shriek, come forth, to spy
What calm has fallen on earth, what light is in the sky

Shelley.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean - roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin - his control
Stops with the shore, - upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd
and unknown.

Byron



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